THE HISTORIE OF
Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, E
of VVeſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pan
And breath ſhort winded accēts of new
To be commenc't in ſtronds a far remot
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shal dawbe her lips with her owne chil
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields, (bl
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming rancks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldiour now, vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feet,

Line 22 leavy. 1598.